

The Foul Year Of Our Lord (Yo Yo Ways)

Chapter -22-

When **2005** rolled around I was on the road but with a fucked up load of personal issues. As the music and friendships became more complex I knew there was no off ramp on the path I had chosen. It was a dance of doom. Great for the muse but hell on the blues. As I watched the 2 angels of death pass over my studio I began to pull away from all the friendships I had so long cherished. From 2005-2006 I was to experienced a lot of back stabbing. Which is very typical for the music business and romance. Everyone had their own agendas and none of it was going to aid me in my life quest. The fact was I had become addicted to psychic readings, which opened the door for lying spirits to come in and disrupt my mental balance. It took years to get a handle on it. But as much as I really hate to say it, unconditional love was worthy of many choices concerning the music and friendships; which I struggled to manage. During that *Lynn and Leslie cycle of paradox*", I found myself in love with two beautiful and loving women at the same time. That went against all my being. It was not in my heart's orientation. Neither was capable of a relationship yet both seemed to want one. At least that is the way it felt. It took a long time to discover that my impatience and passion were the cause of all my romantic problems. Add to this my growing need to get away from **Mike Rep** and his **Quotas**. But I kept my mouth shut, hopeful that I might yet be of some service. So, I hunkered down on the advice from my soul that; "I was needed for their path". The reason was I thought I had something to offer Tom and Rep spiritually. Of the two Rep was more focused on his "*ego glory*" than Tom. And by 2009, Tom struck out on his own, away from Mike's glory hogging ways. For some reason I hung in their with Rep and Tom and let the Quotas come to an ending on its own terms.

In **January** of **2005** my shrink Sandy said that I should ask Leslie about our relationship status. Sandy said that "*Leslie keeps crossing your boundary and you need to pin her down and get a definition*". It was something that Leslie avoided at all costs. Sandy & I explored the question of why I projected my Ideas into the relationship with those women. What shined like the sun through this walk in the land of uncertainty & paradox was the feeling that I was a blind man. I was just trying to feel my way. And It wasn't working. So Sandy up my dose of happy pills. Also around this time I saw **Greg Casey** become mentally unstable and end up in the nut house. He was lying to his friends and family about his cocaine and crack addiction. He went to jail for violent behavior. Gregg would show up at his friend's homes and they would call the cops on him. I remember that **Bob Sauls** bailed Gregg out a few times. **Also, Lynn, Nicole** and my **Sister** & I were being abused by Gregg a lot. It was clear to me that Gregg was hanging out with parasitic junkies. It got so bad I had to change my phone number. Then Gregg decided he was going to forced his X-girlfriend **Cynthia** to marry him. At that point none of Gregg's friends wanted any thing to do with him. Cynthia had to take Gregg to court to get him to stop. In the mean time I gave Gregg my old bass and amp in hopes that he would get back on track with music. He just pawned my effort for drugs.

In **February** of **2005** I had long talks with Leslie on 3 different occasions. She

was spending the nights with me and it seemed that we were headed into a serious commitment. But there were big problems. When she came off the road we would hang out. I have often wonder if I had turned Jewish what kind of life we would have had together? Would we have kids? How would that work with no money? On the other hand, Lynn had already proved to me that she was a great mother with Lila. That was very important to me. Maybe this is why I favored Lynn in my heart? Lynn had proved she was a better parent than I was. But at that point I had no money so I knew I wasn't bonafide in both their eyes. Leslie told me that she was very close to her brother who build computer games in Austin Texas. He had minted some popular games at the time. It reminded me of my sister's and I relationship. I could see they were very close. When **March of 2005** roll around some of Lynn's friends tried to get us to hook up. I had changed my phone a few times to keep Gregg from raising so much hell with me, but somehow he always got my new number. Then Lynn out of the blue started using Gregg to communicate with me. Why I never figured out? So Gregg began to get between me and Lynn. That didn't work for me at all. All this was going on when Leslie was on the road travel around the United States. Eventually, Lynn and I began to talk on the phone and I felt like I was cheating on Leslie but my shrink didn't think it was wrong. *"You're allowed to have more than one female friendship Al"*. Then I caught Gregg lying to me about Lynn. Gregg had been manipulating me emotionally. I am not sure if Lynn ever called the cops on him but I was disappointed that I allowed Gregg to be our go between. It was a bad choice.

In **2005** I had released: **"5 CD BOX SET"/ DISK 1 1991/2002, DISK 2 1985/2004, DISK 3 JUNE 1984/JULY 1985, DISK 4 1985/2004 DISK 5 987/1989. "WORKS" CD 2004 JULY THROUGH FEB NS RECORDS. "ROKERJI POJEJO PESNIKE III-IV" CD subazil@ljudmila.org MCA (Slovenia compilation with two V-3 cuts off Lorca's grave) and finally, the CD "BLACK HOLE ROCK" MIKE REP & THE QUOTAS OLD AGE/NO AGE 005****



For some reason all this drama in my life had sparked a creative explosions in my music. I began to write at a furious rate. Then in **April 2005** we booked **Mike Rep's 50th Birthday Bash** at **Larry's Bar** at 2040 North High Street. The **Times New Viking, Necropolis, Ron House** and **Terry Devin** open for us and it was one of the main highlights for the Quotas. Later, things started going down hill for Mike Rep. Terry had punched Rep's lights out while they were driving home. It is a wonder they didn't die in a car crash. Their relationship was coming to and end. Both were heavily drinking at that point and divorce was on

the horizon. Anyway, Mike Rep use to invite his Use Kids Record Store buds to his home to play this sports betting game. Mike & Tom were really into it. I wasn't. It was kind of like a football, basketball & baseball betting league with paydays up to about \$300 bucks I think. Of course there was drinking and smoking involved in these meetings. At one of these drunken meetings Terry pulls a gun out and was going to shoot Mike but his friends quick put her on the floor and took the gun away. Things were out of control between them.

It appeared to me then that alcohol was the cornerstone of their relationship. Both wanted the other to stop. Neither wanted to be told to stop. From where I stood it was a mess. Terry had grown jealous of the Quotas. She began to expect to open for all the Quotas shows. So I sat her down and told her she was not in the band. Tommy thought that was a stupid idea. But Terry kept showing up drunk expecting to sing backup. Rep tried to make it stop but kind of gave up. She was becoming a pest and Mike did nothing to stop it. It made me want to walk away from the whole Harrisburg scene. But for some reason my soul kept telling me "No". "*Stay with the band*". I needed to be of service to them. In the mean time Lynn & I began to become more friendly again. This was behind Leslie's back when she would disappear for weeks without a word. She had taken to riding a greyhound bus around America. She told me that it gave her space to think about what to do with her life. She seemed lost. Her mom had died and she wasn't coping very well with the lost. I've always said that; "*childhood is something, we humans, spend the rest of our lifetimes trying to overcome*". The patterns we learn become millstones around our necks later in life. Lynn, Leslie and I were no exception. I've seen friends & family destroy themselves trying to resolve childhood problems as adults. Raising a mentally balance child is near and impossible task from where I sit. Our parent's condition our behaviors growing up. Some focus on money and power. Others on beliefs & dogmas. Some teach use to hate while other stress love. But the one thing I am absolutely convince of is that humans are insane, greedy and selfish. How the hell humanity haven't destroyed itself is a mystery to me.



In **June** of **2005** Columbus Alive ran a "*puff piece*" about Mike Rep's Lo-Fi approach to music. It was Rep's "*Summa cum laude*" but I didn't see any songwriting hits to support this high distinction. Rep is really good at helping others get their music to market. He is really good at Promotion and Hype. He is a master at covering other peoples songs. And his strongest point as a songwriter lay in satire and parody. Also, Rep is good at spotting trends and being the 1st to hop on the band wagon. But Mike Rep totally lacks the **Steve Foster** hit factor. He is not Vaudeville, British Music Hall, Blues or Laurel

Canyon as a song-smith. He doesn't have the gift that **The Doors** or **Lou Reed** has as a major experimental songwriters. Tom, Mike and me don't have the "*timeless magic*" that endures from generation to generation. That's a fact! Our music does not transcend time. We will not be remember in 50 years. However, of the 3 of us, I would say Tommy was the best at his craft. Then again, it all comes down to personal tastes. This is in turn determined by the currents of the culture you are raised with. And as we all know culture changes rather quickly.

In **May 2005 Gregg Casey** tried to get me into a relationship with **Nicole**. Wisely I refused. She was going through a ruff time. Her son and girlfriend had been living next door to Nicole. Somehow Nicole found the son's girlfriend dead in the apartment. I am not sure if the tragedy was because of girlfriend's relationship to Nicole's son, But fuck it; the girlfriend killed herself! **Nicole** found the body and flipped out. She was in a panic. She had to move. Just the thought of suicide drove her crazy. I tried to comfort her. No Luck. Then **Nicole** and her daughter ended up staying with **Lynn** for a while. There wasn't much I could do. It was a mess. In the mean time I started to push away **Dee** and **Leslie**. When Dee figure out I didn't want her she tried to sleep with my sister husband. WTF? Our patriarchal society does that to women. I still don't understand this social pressure women are under? I'll say this, casual sex is something I have no use for. To me, you're with someone for as long as you want to be. If one person isn't in to it anymore it's over. Stay friends, honor your debts but move on. Anyway, **The Quotas** were booked for a CD released party at the **Cafe Bourbon Street** on **June 18th 2005**. The CD release news help to build the gate. All of us were basking in the false glory of transient events. This happens in rock n' roll.



As things started to jell between Lynn and I for a second time I sent a letter out to Leslie in hope of settling the non-status between us. Then in **July 2005** she called me and we had it out on the phone. She made a issue of me not being Jewish. WTF? Also, she knew in her heart that I loved Lynn too.

Maybe she felt I couldn't be trusted? I was a lost cause? What's the point? She was not willing to work at the bonds of affections with me. It made me feel like a one off. What could I do? So that ended things between us for a spell. I no longer felt like I was cheating on her. I wrote a song about the experience called; "*Reach Out, Be Brave*". It was crazy cycle for old squidly diddly! But at the time things seem to be moving in the right direction between me and Lynn. But to be honest I was conflicted about them.

On **August 14th 2005** at **Great Plains Show** Lynn ask me to come up on **September 1st 2005** to camp with her and her friends. But then on **August 2005** I had to change my phone number again due to harassing phone calls by

Greg Casey and others. Once again Gregg was creating a lot of chaos with his friends. People were sick and tired of all Gregg's drama. This is when I noticed my friends like to have sex behind their lover's backs. It was a major cheating cycle I saw unfold. I never understood it? I saw this over and over. Madness as far as the eyes can see! But I had enough sense to know not to talk about any of it. I wanted no part of it. But I was amaze at the cheating going on between couples. My friends were too important to me. Then the other shoe dropped. **Stik Hoffman** called me and said he had to have a tumor removed from his brain. I was shocked. It was bad.



He sent an x-ray of his brain. Very bad. This would eventually lead to a divorce between him and his wife **Susan Link**. He told me he couldn't play music anymore because of it. So I went to see him and he was trying to keep it together. But it was obvious that his music days were done. I had play music with him all trough the late 1960s & early 1070s and it was sad to see him like that. This was at the same time that his wife of 20 years had moved in to help her dyeing mother. Sue wanted to take care of her. But I think **Stik** felt hurt by it. He felt she should put him first, but she didn't. Gradually, Stik started hanging out with his dyke friend and her lover. These Dykes were ruff and proud. The Bar Bikers just loved them. The dykes owned a dyke-biker-rebel bar on the west-side of town. A lot of Mexican cartel members drank there. Soon Stik started raising a lot of hell there when Sue was out of town. It was a rowdy place with a lot of drugs and drinking. Next thing I know Stik is fucking the hell out of them both at the same time. He was amazing! He was always ambitious with women that way! When we shared an Apartment just after **GreyShip** ended, he would bring home a different women every night. That when on Nonstop for about 6 months. If the phone rang it was women wanting to talk with Stik. Stik was a certified Bufu Boy. So, the Dyke 3 way worked well for them! He ended up spending more time at their place than at home. **Arlus Stitch** had taught me how dykes roll way back in the 1979. So, when Susan got home and found out she was hurt but determine to hold on to her marriage. But slowly the resentment began to build and it would not be long before they both lawyer-ed up.

When September **1st 2005** came I headed up the Lynn's place and camped out for a week. Lynn and Lila were happy to see me but a few of her friends didn't want us to spend time together. I never understood this? I thought I was on good terms with everybody. Lynn's close friend **Kim Crawford** pressed me about who I was dating at the time. For the first few days Lynn seemed really friendly and a few of her friends seemed jealous of her interest in me. I wrote a song about it called "**Divine Law**". At one point Lynn & I was in her garden and she picked me some flowers. She said they were call "Impatient" and "Passion" and I thought she was giving me a round about message. It's Hard to read Lynn. She is a very clever girl. The day before I was to go home Lynn & I spent some alone time away from the watchful eyes of the others. I knew I had to let her know about Leslie. But I didn't think to tell her Leslie and I had call it quits. So I told her. This knocked the wind out of Lynn sails. I could see how hurt she was. She tried to hide it but I could tell. I felt like shit but I had to be truthful with her. I still

had feelings. When I left Lynn's and got back home **Gregg Casey** had stop his meds. He had become agitated & combative and I tried to avoid him when I could. Then **October 2005 Diann Kicey** called. The shit had hit the fan. Diann said that Gregg insisted on her loaning him money. Probably to buy coke. Gregg had stop at her place around 2 AM stoned and wanting sex. She wouldn't let him in. Up to that point she had thought about sex with Gregg, but now now she had grown afraid of him. She told me she had been married to **Dave Manic** and **Kurt Tuckerman**. But that didn't work out. After them she moved in a Public housing situation at King Ave and High Street. Diann wanted to help Gregg but there was no way anybody could fix Gregg's problems.

That summer of 2005 both **Nicole** and **Cynthia** were still talking to Gregg at that point. I can't be sure but I think Gregg was spending his government disability check on drugs; then he would ask those two to loan him some more money for drugs. One time **Gregg** called **me** and **Cynthia** on a three way call and I heard him say to Cynthia "*I want to marry you. I want to have a baby with with you*". WTF? Get off me this planet! At that point I hung up. It was like Gregg was trying to prove to the whole world that **Cynthia** was his girl. At that point even **Cynthia** refused to accept Gregg's calls. Then I found out that Lynn had been talking to Gregg about our friendship behind my back. WTF? Why talk with Gregg and not me? We had agreed not to do that. Oh well. A few weeks later, **Nicole** had call the cops on him again when he got mad about her not giving him a loan. So, I guess he wanted to fight with me about that. I told him to get back on his meds. I really hated to see him like this but there was nothing I could do. I had been feeling sad about the way things had ended with Leslie, so I wrote a song about it called; "*Golden Years*". It pretty much express my sadness. Maybe it was my way of bringing closure to our friendship. I thought I was done with her. But fate had other plans in mind for us.

By **November 2005** Lynn and I began to get friendly again. Moving on, Tommy Jay and I had booked a show at **Mr. Larry's** with "*The Whales*" opening for "*Root Cellar*". At that show **Ted, Tom & Tim** and I were "*The Whales*". And **Tom, Hippy Dave** and **Me** were "*Root Cellar*". **Mike Rep** did our sound and **Charlie** shot the video. It would be the last time I would talk with Roxanne. She was on good terms at that point with Charlie. They had been working together on Jimbo's "*Matter Dominates Spirit*" LP. But when she saw Hippy Dave cover artwork she withdrew her support and told all of Jimbo's old friends Charlies was ripping of Jimbo's estate. WTF? But it was good to see her. I think the issue of control was the main point of their dispute. Charlie had went out of his way to find the original recordings that Jim had mail to his fans over the years. Charlie was not going to allow Roxanne to let Jimbo work fade from the public recorded. **V3** had always been very tight-nit group and it was sad to see how far all of us had drifted apart. When Jimbo died he was on very bad terms with Roxanne. It seem to me that she wanted revenge for being kick out of the band. At that point she was not living with **Rudy Crash n' Burn**. I think they didn't move in together until late 2006. I heard that Rudy had bought a house on the west-side up the street from **Wild Bill**. After the 1st time Gregg had got out on bail, Lynn and I would run in to each other at Gregg's. We were both checking up on him.

She wanted me to spent time alone for a "talk" but I was too distracted with a shit load of **Mike Rep** and the **Quotas** stuff. Plus, I didn't want Gregg or her other friends to get involved between us again. It didn't work for me. I am not a relationship by committee kind of guy! Then I got word that **Nicole** was not speaking with Gregg anymore. She had called the cops on him for the last time when he showed up banging on her door. Not sure what went down but I know it was not good. At that time she and her daughter had moved out from Lynn's in Magnolia Ohio. Nicole had found a nice place and that was that last I heard from her. She completely withdrew from her old circle of friends.

By **December 2005** I had realized that the more help I gave Gregg and Dianne the more dependent they became on me. So I walked away from them. I could not solve their problems. It was just a waste of time and unnecessary stress. Then on December **2005 Tommy Jay's** retinas became detached and he was rush into surgery. It would take awhile to get through recovery but I knew Tom would be ok. By late **December 2005 Tammy** my old Nashville lover got in touch with my sister but I shut that down. I wanted no part of her. She had two kids and I wasn't going to be the cause of her divorce. I wasn't the same person she knew in Nashville. Maybe because 2005 had been such a major struggle with my Income, New Apartment, Wacky Doctor Caulkins, and Sandy my shrink; I just push away from my all the trouble relationships in my life. Plus I was just getting a handle on the Leslie and Lynn paradox and wanted no more drama from life. 2005 had been such a turbulent year and I was looking for some peace an quiet in 2006.

In **2006** the **Quotas** would introduce me to new crop bands like: **The Guinea Worms, Psychedelic Horseshit, Grafton, The Unholy Two, Necropolis, Times New Viking and Mors Ontologica**. These bands represent a rebirth of the musical Babylon of Columbus, Ohio. By this time **The Carabar** had replaced **Bourbon Street Cafe** as the **Quotas** new home. I had thought I had gotten away from the Lynn & Leslie triangle but then I started feeling regretful about them. The fact was I had invited their friends to help me with this triangle then got upset when they started to interfere. Slowly, for a 2rd time the ping pong cycle started to build up again. It was a fine line between wisdom and insanity that I was walking. The up side of this was I was learning how to play and write from my heart and soul. I had found my soul and my sound. And It wasn't like me. Who was this mysterious stranger that I was encountered? I realized after a few encounters with my soul that the things you want at the time, in the end, don't matter. All you're left with is a story cast in song. It is like watching a movie. It is not real. It just feels that way at the time.

I was moving away from psychic readings. I began to focus more on logic & principles. So I stopped depending on the psychic methods that Betty had taught me and began to use logic & principles when making decisions. It took the rest 2006 before I mastered it. But I will say this; *"correct assessment of the circumstance & consequence is no guarantee of success"*. You can make all the right choices and still you fuck it up. In **January 2006** they let Gregg Casey out of the nut house for a 2rd time. Again he had hooked up with a bunch of low life

drug scum. Gregg had been fighting with everyone at that point. He almost got **Hippy Dave** beat up. Gregg was fighting with **Mike Rock, Gavin, Wild Bill**. Many of his friends had called the cops on him at that point. In the mean time, I had began to work on my tendency to exaggerate. My ego likes to think It was important. This came out in small exaggerations concerning my achievements. So I decided I would stop it and take control. It was hard. It was kind of like quitting smoking. But I was determined to break this habit.

In **January 2006** the **Quotas** were playing **The Carabar** and **Terry**, referring to Lynn said; "*She loves you Al*". Ka-Boom! It was like being hit in the head with a ball bat. It filled me with hope and broke my heart at the same time. At the time Lynn and I had been talking. I felt that their might be some sort of understanding between us, but Lynn is a hard women to understand. No one should try to control her. Your lucky if she lets you love her. Don't try to make her stay on the reservation. I learned that the hard way. She flip flopped on me, running hot and cold about us. Then late **January 2006** Gregg implied that I should leave Lynn alone? WTF? Where was that coming from? Talk about mixed messages! Maybe Gregg was playing mind games? I don't know. Maybe he didn't want me and Lynn to hook up? I just couldn't understand what he was doing. Then Gregg goes into this long story about how & why **Cynthia** had him locked up. It was clear to me they were headed back to court. This was followed up at the end of **January 2006** with a phone call from Charlies who was acting as a go between Leslie and me. So I told Charlies about camping out at Lynn's. I wanted to be honest. Even though I was moving away from Leslie, I was also having feelings about Leslie and struggling to stay balanced. But I knew it was Lynn. She was the love of my life. No way around that. But I knew she had a mountain of baggage to unpack. I was willing to help her with it if I could. But it would have probably finished me off! I maybe wrong but I think Charles wanted me to hook up with Leslie. I can't be sure. I know he was closer to Leslie than Lynn. From the chaos I learned that you should never use others for romantic contacts. Bad idea. The one thing I was sure of, at that point, was that my friends had become involved in my love life. Not a situation I thrive in.

Late **February 2006** I realized that I was making decisions based on what others were telling me. Not a good way to go about building a relationship. Some of them had their own agendas. So I tried to detach from the hearsay and psychic readings. It probably one of the wisest decisions I ever made. It was a major psychological change for me and it open the door to a better understand of who and what I was. Slowly I was braking down the old me and building up a better version. I when back to meditation and I focused on putting and end to my exaggeration, passion and impatience. I might not be able to do anything about the **Lynn/Leslie Paradox** but I could work on getting rid of things that no longer served me.

I had been trying to phone in Leslie in **February 2006** but she kept blowing me off. Maybe I was looking for closure with her, I don't know. Then out of the blue she calls me and we talk for hours! At that point we seemed back on, maybe? **Leslie** suggested that I didn't need the walking Cain anymore so I stop using it.

It took awhile to get back to walking without it. Leslie had joined a band call **The Kevin Joiner Expedition** in Indiana. She was really excited about doing some gigs. She sent me emails about the show and I was very happy for her. I also had did some gigs with the Quotas on the **4th & 7th of February**. Leslie began to called and we talked for hours. She had changed her name to **Miriam**. Back then she insisted that I call her that from now on. "*OK, Leslie no problem. I hope it helps*". She had been seeing a rabbi and receiving religious instruction. "*Another bad omen*", I thought. I've seen too many people let religion fuck up their minds. At that point my opinions did not matter anymore to her. She just wanted to be happy. I didn't know what to think? But if being Jewish made her happy, I just went with the flow. It wasn't my business. Later I was doing a gig with the **Quotas** when I got a phone call from Leslie. Her dad had "*died*" and she was all at sea about it. Boom! I guess his estate was a mess and Leslie sudden became very dark and distant about it. I tried calling her back but she just blew me off. She was struggling to put his Estate in order and suddenly cut off all contact with me after our phone call. I wondered if it was something I said? But I think not because her and her dad had a very stressful history together. So I tried to move on.

March 2006 had been a very stressful cycle for me and my friends. Everyone was going through hell. I was having a problem getting the Harrisburg people to provide me gas money they had promised. Most of the time I just let it slide. But their were times when I could not. Somehow when it came time to go home people always forgot to give me gas money. I wasn't happy being in that position. I really hated having to ask them for gas. A lot of times I just blew it off. That always put me in a tough spot. The thing about earth life is there are cycles of mental peace followed by conflict. Most of it has to do with other people and their choices. So I made a decision not to get piss off about the injustices that others heaped upon me. What was the point? Most humans never admit the flaws.

In **April 2006** Wild Bill had kick out this ex-con named **Rich Kinney**. Rich had been living with **Wild Bill** doing house repairs in exchanged for rent. He had did a tour of duty with both the **Screaming Urge** and **Kevin** and the **Kasualites**. I think Bill took him in so that Rich could get out of jail. Then a dispute arose about rent money. So Rich went to the county and got Wild Bill's Food Stamps cut off. I must admit it was a dirty move on Rich part. Before Rich went to prison he had broke in to many of his so called friend's apartments, including Gregg Casey. He got busted and went to jail for a few years. After Rich left Wild Bill went to great trouble getting his income straighten out with the county. Next **Wild Bill** ask **Diann** to move in after they became lovers in late **April 2006**. By that time I had gotten word that **Lynn** was asking question about me from our mutual friends. Why she didn't ask me directly I don't know.

Then in **May 2006** two other omens came to my attention. I had let the cat out of the bag to Gregg Casey about being in touch with Leslie. Not much later when I was talking to Terry Devin about Lynn she called me a "*wolf*". She must have heard about me being in touch with Leslie I think? This was followed shortly

after by Gavin's comment, "*Squid, the early bird gets the worm but the mouse gets the cheese*". I believe he was referring to Lynn. Probably I was wrong. Later Lynn and I started to talk a lot. Also, About this time trouble was brewing over the **Jim Shepard LP** "*Spirit Dominates Matter*". The Shepard clan claimed that they had all the rights to our V3 music. I disagreed. I was given promises. Jim owe me money. Suddenly everybody was taking shots a Charlie. This was crazy. It was Charlie who had kept Jim's name out in the public arena. Up till "*Spirit Dominates Matter*" no one else had bother to do that. I think it came down to who was in charge of the project. Up to that point Roxanne had did absolutely nothing in regards to putting out Jim legacy. Charlie felt that he was a better steward of Jim work than the Shepard clan. The facts are that most of the massive archive of writings, photos, books and recordings got destroy under Roxanne & Rudy's management. What little that survived was the result of Charles infinite passion to secure the recordings from Jimbo's mailings to his small group of fans. From where I sat it seemed that the Shepard clan only really became interested after they saw that Charlie had created a public demand with the release of "*Spirit Dominates Matter*".

Sometime in **May of 2006** Tommy Jay and I went to see **The Other Ones** at Polaris amphitheater. They were an American rock band formed in 1998 by former Grateful Dead members **Bob Weir, Phil Lesh, and Mickey Hart**, along with part-time **Grateful Dead** collaborator **Bruce Hornsby**. As we were walking through the massive park lot, which was about a quarter mile away, Tommy Jay look down and saw a huge bag of Mushrooms on the ground. We both went nuts and over did it. All I remember is that we turn on about 25 people around us during the show. It took us until noon the next day to find the car. That was real interesting. For months every time I spent the weekend out at Tom's we did Mushrooms, smoked weed and drank vast quantities of beer. The bag must have weighed a quarter pound. "*Now taken off on runway number 5 it's Jayfish*"! "*There truly is a God*"

Ever since I got back from Nashville I had been a student of theosophy. When I was studying with Betty I wasn't aware of the "spiritual teachers" I was come into contact with. But Betty knew them. Then, one day in **May of 2006**, in meditation I was approached by H.P.B.'s "*shell*". She told me I was going to come in contact with a master. I had Karma coming but I didn't understand it at the time. I didn't think much of it either. But for some reason the Masters of Wisdom had their eye on me. It turned out to be the most important event of my life. At the time there were two occult book stores called "*Pearls of Wisdom*" and "*Phoenix Book Store*" in Columbus Ohio. Over the years I had bought most of my theosophy materials from them. This was before "Amazon Books" first store opened on November 2, 2015, in Seattle, Washington. One day, out of the blue I revived a flier from *Phoenix Book Store*. The subject was on the coming New Economic World Order which introduced me to the notion of a "universal *basic income*". The speaker was from Pittsburgh and I think he was the a disciple of **Master Djwal Kuhl**, who was also H.P.B.'s Master. At first I was terrified but then I received a telepathic message from H.P.B. saying that I should not leave, that it is ok, That I should hear what he had to say. At that lecture I was getting

information from two different sources at the same time. One was the speaker, the other was H.P.B. telepathic explanations. It was background information which expanded my understanding. That is, I was getting data from my 5 senses, but also data through my intuition. Any 1st degree student knows that Consciousness expands slowly, largely through meditation, self-observation, voluntary suffering, service to others and restraint or harmlessness. With self-mastery comes the capacity for sustained, higher states of consciousness or self-realization. That's the deal. I always go with the flow. So as I sat there in my chair listening I had a funny feeling that big changes were coming.

When I got home something was different. But I could not put my finger on it. So to get away from my head I called **Rudy Crash N' Burn** and told him all about my Lynn and Leslie situation. It was a dumb idea. And only led to burdensome notions that were not real. At this point my reality was being challenged very hard by romantic notions. My friends were of no help. Each of them had a different point of view. Some were being two-faced while others were playing games. Only Tommy Jay had a rational take on it all. He was sympathetic to my emotional turmoil. He didn't have much to say. Mostly he listened. He sort of felt that in time the "mess" would sort itself out. That helped me realize that I didn't need someone to give me "conditional love" because "unconditional love" was where I was coming from. In short, it is the giving, and not the taking, that counts.

Shortly after that talk with Tommy I decided I'd go visit my old friend **T.A. Lafferty** down in Hillsboro Ohio. I needed to get out of town and sort my emotions out. Lafferty had a Lama farm. He also grew his own food and raised chickens. I shot a video of my visit where we jammed on a bunch of new and old songs. I had given him a capo to help him with his singing and he really appreciated it. We rocked so hard the log cabin started to shake. When I got home Gregg Casey called. Lynn had asked him to ask me "*help*" move Nicole for the last time before she disappeared. After a bunch of her friends had moved Nicole's stuff, Lynn asked me to come up to her place on **June 24th** for a few days. But then on **June 1st** Lynn's best friend Steve died and she was all at sea. It put an end to our plans. Later, after the dust had settled I asked Gavin to give me Lynn's phone number. Leslie and I had been exchanging angry emails. Our friendship was coming to an end. We both knew it. To put it bluntly, we were not on the same page. It happens. It is nobody's fault. Towards the end of **June 2006** Leslie and I didn't want the same things. That when I finally realized that Lynn was the one for me. But Lynn must have been aware of my contacts with Leslie. It must have hurt her. She must have judged me poorly.

On **June 24th 2006 Mike Rep** and the **Quotas** Played the **Comfest**. It was an eventful gig. **Johnny Furnace** gotten so angry when I noticed his rig wasn't responding. He told me to shut up and struggled to get his amp online. Johnny is a sensitive person. He must have taken my concern as an act of scorn. I was just trying to help. But he wanted to fix the problem by himself so I just fucked off. We had about 300 people inside the tent waiting to start our show. The crowd was pumped. But on stage in front of all these people Johnny lost his cool. Asking

him a question him about his amp was a bad idea. So I backed up and gave him space. I thought, "*He could crush poor Squidly like a grape*". After about a 15 minuet delay we played our set. Also, I remember that day being ungodly hot. When I got home I had rashes. A few weeks later at band rehearsal Rep started yelling at Tom to shut up or "*he stick has guitar neck up his ass*". OK boys take it easy. Cool out. On another occasion Tom throws a drum stick and nearly put Rep's eye out. Afterward I talk to Tommy and he was fed up with Rep's ego bullshit.

In **July 2006 Mike Rep** re-released "*20,000 Leagues Under Nashville*" on his **Old Age Label**. These were compiled from 1983-1985 Letter Tapes I had sent to Tommy Jay. The Quotas had a gig on the 16th of that month and Tom had booked a Whales gig on the 23rd. I think the songs "*Coward & Fool*", "*Half Baked*" and "*Coffee Clouds*" pretty much sums up the 3 way "*non-existence*" relationship between Me, Leslie and Lynn. Maybe I misunderstood friendship for relationship. Its possible. But it seem to me that when two people to share their deepest thoughts it should mean something. When you show your inner light to others it maybe means something more than a casual exchange. Maybe not. Who knows? I thought of it as some sort of magical bond. Especially if it is two way. Or maybe it was a line of bullshit I told myself in order to cope? Why would they even want to be involve with me? Maybe it was my lack of not establishing a strong boundary that cause the problem. Maybe they felt sorry for me? I don't know. That didn't matter. But if your doom to to show your light to a women, then I say give it your best. All I know was me and Leslie had move on for a 2nd time on the last day of August. She had rejected the light within me. Maybe because I was going to stay with Lynn the next day which was **September 1st 2006**. I never told her of my plan.

Also, on the 3rd week of **August 2006** I had a long talk with Nicole about the situation between Lynn & I. That was a mistake. I should have kept my mouth shut. I should have kept others out of my head. Then Gregg started to push me on hooking up with Lynn. Not sure why? He told me she was going to see some bands at Mirror Lake so I rush down there to see Lynn but she had just left. I was a day late and a dollar short. Then later that week, Lynn calls me and we talked. She ask me not to believe what others were saying about about her. Some of her friend were not to kind in their assessment. That didn't matter to me. So, we agreed not to use others to talk. By this time there was no longer any contact between Leslie and I. I was free an clear. Lynn had ask me to come up to her place for a 2nd time in **September of 2006**. But I wasn't the only musician having female problems. When **Kurt Tuckerman** told Lynn that his wife **Sandy** had moved in with a drug dealer and file for divorce, I thought WTF? Sandy had clean out all the money in their checking and saving accounts. Been there, done that folks! "*The fucking you get ain't like the fucking you take Kurt*"!



Kurt & I had a long talk about it in **September 2006** when I went camping at Lynn's for a 2nd time. I could tell how hurt he was. It reminded me of my X-wife. I had been in his shoes. He ask me for some advise and all I could say was; "*I'm sorry; good luck*". He told me all she left him was an empty house and a fork. It was at that point that I finally began to grow up. Life is a very uncertain business. It is an absurd joke. You make your choices then flip the coin. For some it works out fine. For others it is a total disaster. I know disaster. It has been my whole life. I'm comfortable with it. But I felt bad for old Tuckerman. He was a good person.

Anyway I did a video of the camping trip. All the time I was there some of her friends tried to run interference. It seem to me that some of them wanted to keep us from being alone. I was waiting for the right time to be honest about Leslie. For 5 days I waited to speak with her alone. Finally on the **5th of September** I told her about cloud, but I didn't think to tell her "*we are done*". Sometimes I over think the things I want to say. And with Lynn it was like a Judge & Jury and I hate going to court. She don't play when it comes to hear heart. Her mother had taught her well in the ways of the jungle. Me, well I was in bad form. A boat without a rudder. Not thinking it through I told her; "*to get a boyfriend*". Bad Squid! Very Bad Dude! It wasn't the genius or penis who told her to, "*date around*", it was the fool. The Rhoades Scholar in me said; "*Let things between us settle down*".

So Lynn took to my advise like a duck to water! She exploded with a vengeance! My sister had 2 or 3 riding mowers and said I could give one to Lynn. Also, I had sent her 2 DVDs of the camping trip and she promptly sent them back with a highly piss of letter telling me to leave her "*THE FUCK ALONE*". So all hell broke loose between us and we fell apart. So I figure, "*Oh shit, shes gonna lawyer up on my potbelly ass*". Then after this, Nicole calls me and we had a long talk about the situation. I was told by my shrink to send a letter with my new phone number to Lynn. This is way before 2013 when I told Bob Sauls that I had cast a "Love" spell back 1999. That was another bonehead move and I've always regretted it. Then at a Quota's gig; when Gregg was trying to fuck Terry behind Mike Rep back, Terry Devin told me it would be very foolish to give up on Lynn now. I explained to Terry that it was the Telemarketers that forced me to change my phone numbers so often and not Lynn. I finally solve that problem with a very long voice message that ended all those Telemarketers calls. I was told by all of Lynn's friends that she never wanted to see or hear from me ever again! Stay away. So I became afraid she might get violent with me and made a point to

avoid her for a long, long time. I'm not sure if my confession about Leslie pissed her off. But we were done so I tried to move on as best I could. And just when I needed my shrink the most, she told me she was taking a new job and was leaving at the end of November.

In **November 2006** Diann had recently broke up with **Will Bill Evans**. Bill told me he came home and discover that Diann had set the couch of fire after an argument. She had been very angry with him. Lucky for Bill that he was able to put the fire out before it spread. At that point Bill demand she leave. I think it all started went Diann found out Bill had been sleeping with a co-worker. Bill didn't even try to hide the fact from Diann. I think this really hurt Diann deeply. I had stopped by her new apartment after she broke up with **Wild Bill**. The place was infested with cockroaches. It was sad to see her like that. She told me her new subsidized building was like that. Roaches everywhere. I felt so sorry for her. She was going down hill fast. The booze was killing her. It was like she had stopped caring about her life. Mostly we just talked about her options. Later she moved back home to her dad's in Erie, Pennsylvania. Soon after she passed. Also, I was ask to work as a Pole Watcher for the Election in Delaware. I visited about 7 different poling stations that day. I took videos and wrote up reports which I had to submit to a team of election lawyers. Clearly I documented rigged voting machines along with witness testimony. The State Highway tried to stop my work at a few poling locations but I call the lawyers and the cops had to stand down. When I told Tommy Jay he didn't believe me. He thought I was lying. He didn't think it was possible. Later I met with the lawyers and handed over all the materials. I think they went to court but I never heard back from them. That's when I knew that big time political fix was in at Delaware County. If **2006** had been a game changer for me then **2007** open up a whole new reality of Alien Cultures and UFO contact. Things were about to take a turn for the surreal and it would take every ounce of strength and wisdom to navigate my way through the psychological reorientation. This is where things get real interesting. Up to this point I paid no attention to the UFO phenomena. It was the furthest thing on my mind at the time.